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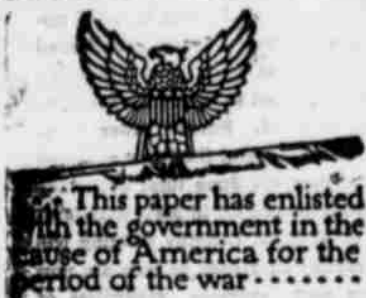
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with the government in the
cause of America for the
period of the war.....

OUR SERVICE FLAG

Former Vice-President Fairbanks,
who died at his home in Indiana
Tuesday night, was not a brilliant
man but his record was such as to
command the respect of even his
political opponents.

Charles Warren Fairbanks, former
Vice-President of the United States,
was born on a farm near Unionville,
Center, Union County, O., May 11,
1862. In earlier years, after taking
several collegiate courses, he en-
gaged in newspaper work while
studying law. He was admitted to the
Ohio bar in 1874 and later estab-
lished practice at Indianapolis, where
the beautiful Fairbanks home is
now situated on North Meridian
street. His political career dates
from 1892, when he served as chair-
man of the Indiana Republican Con-
vention, until after his office as Vice-
President of the United States, which
terminated in March, 1909. He was
delegate-at-large at the Republican
National Convention in St. Louis in
1896, in Philadelphia in 1900, in Chi-
cago in 1904. It was in Chicago
that he was unanimously nominated
for Vice-President. He was defeat-
ed for United States Senator in 1893
by David Turpie, Democrat, but later
was elected from Indiana for the
terms of 1897-03, 1903-09. Mr.
Fairbanks served as trustee for sev-
eral colleges throughout the country
and made a tour around the world in
1909-10. He gave freely to the
Red Cross and the Liberty Loan
issues and was reputed to be a very
wealthy man.

Mr. Fairbanks has visited this city
more than once as a lecturer.

Philip La Follette, youngest son
of Senator Robert M. La Follette, is
one of the 126 University of Wis-
consin men to report for training at
Fort Sheridan for the summer course
which will close July 3. The officers'
training camp at Fort Sheridan is
open to university students from
Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota and
Michigan, who have taken a prelim-
inary course in military science dur-
ing the winter months. Successful
candidates will be commissioned.

Four aviators fell to death Tues-
day. Civilian Instructor Stanley
Coyle, of Coudersport, Pa., was killed
and another man injured at San
Diego, Calif. Lieut. J. J. O'Malley,
of Albany, Me., was killed at San
Antonio, Tex., Cadet Geo. O. Mills,
of Jersey City, N. J., at Montgom-
ery Ala., and Private John Eerner,
of Philadelphia, at Houston, Tex.

Sweeping recommendations for
regulation of the canning industry
were made yesterday to President
Wilson by the Federal Trade Com-
mission, on the basis of inequities dis-
covered in an exhaustive investiga-
tion. Canners were found to have
averaged 32 per cent. profit in 1917,
compared with 9 per cent. the year
before.

No, it was not Castoria the Amer-
icans took the other day. It was
Castigny.

**Hester Proves
Her Theory**

By JANE OSBORN

To be quite honest Hester was start-
ing shamelessly at the man opposite
her and the predominant sentiment in
her mind as she stared was one of ad-
miration. The man sat in a posture of
dejection—his shoulders slouched for-
ward and his chin sunk down on his
chest. This was not the remarkable
thing for it was a natural posture for
a man begrimed and smudged from
his day's work at the Kingston foundry.
The remarkable thing to Hester's
keen insight was that the young man
did not look as if he were mentally
slouching at all. His rather large,
ruddy face, unshaven and blackened
grotesquely, showed alertness and
none of the set lines that came from
long, sense-denuding drudgery in the
foundry.

That night after dinner Hester
sought her father, the owner and man-
ager of the foundry, in his study. He
held an open magazine in his hand, but
his far-away, determined expression
showed to Hester at a glance that his
mind was not in the magazine but on
the foundry.

"No fair having troubles you don't
tell me about," she began, drawing her
low chair up to his and folding the
magazine that rested lightly in his
hands. "If you must think about busi-
ness, think out loud. I'm enormously
interested—always."

Mr. Kingston little by little admitted
to his daughter that the greatest
source of worry in the management of
his business was more or less of a
psychological nature. "It isn't flaws in
the metal or shortage of fuel or trans-
portation troubles that give me my
greatest trouble. It's finding men I
can trust. Sometimes, Hester, I mis-
trust them all. They are pulling away
from me, and the man I feel the
most confidence in is always the man
that shows the telling weakness. If
there were only a way to test the
quality of men as there is to test
metal then I might find men to help
shoulder the responsibilities."

Hester's animated expression showed
the interest she felt. She told her
father that this remark led up directly
to the very thing she had in mind to
ask him. Her only hobby outside of her
beds of spring flowers was the study of
faces. She had worked up for herself
a system by which she thought she
could interpret men's and women's na-
tures and characters through their fa-
cial contour. To be sure in her twenty-
two years of life in a restricted cir-
cle of associates in the town where
her father's large foundry was located
she had but little chance to test her
theories, but though not extensive her
study had been intensive. Now she
asked her father for an opportunity to
try it out. She told him that she could
help him to find the right man for the
right place in his work if she could be
permitted to study the men in the fac-
tory and to test them by the standards
she had worked out.

"Let me have a job as time-keeper—
something so that I can see the men
every day when they come to work.
They won't know who I am and they
will be off their guard. I know there
are men there that have the ability
needed to take the positions of trust,
but because you have no way of dis-
covering them they are wasted. They
remain in the rut, doing something
that is not big enough for their abili-
ties, and other men without so much
ability, through some accident or a
more pushing nature, take the bigger
positions. That is why they so often
prove a disappointment. Why, this
very afternoon I got on a crowded
street car at closing time just to study
the men's faces. There was one young
man—shabby enough and apparently
doing the crudest sort of work—but
any one could see that he had ability.
There was an expression about his
mouth—a rugged determination—that
showed me what sort of a man he was.
I know I'll be able to help you. Won't
you let me try?"

During the two months that followed
Hester's assumption of the job of time-
keeper in the foundry there were sev-
eral surprising promotions, and more
than one enforced resignation. All
that Mr. Kingston would say when
asked for an explanation was that he
had been advised by an authority on
personal efficiency to make the
changes, and that it was due to no pre-
judice of his own whatever, save, of
course, a perfect confidence in the
ability of the efficiency expert.

Who was the efficiency expert? It
was admitted that he must be a man
of some shrewdness. More than one of
the underlings in the office knew that
the young bookkeeper who was dis-
missed at the time of the first change
had been padding the pay roll for
weeks. Apparently the dismissal was
made without any knowledge of this
bit of high finance, but merely as the
result of the studies in personality on
the part of the mysterious efficiency
expert.

Most remarkable of all the changes
had been the rapid rise of Peter Nor-
gen. At the time the upheaval began
he had been employed for two weeks
as a fireman down in the boiler room,
and a not especially capable fireman
had he been.

Then suddenly he had been pro-
moted. Within three weeks he was
foreman of one of the departments,
and now, at the expiration of two
months, he had a responsible position

In the private office of Mr. Kingston
himself. And this in spite of the fact
that young Norgen had apparently re-
sisted all promotion, and had shown
an utter lack of schooling. He had
even proved his inability to write fig-
ures and for this reason had a special
stenographer to take all his dictation
for him. Moreover, he doggedly re-
fused to dress as a man in Mr. King-
don's private office should dress and
came and went in a dannel shirt and
overalls, and insisted on eating lunch
with the other men in the courtyard at
noon and consorting with them at
closing time rather than with the men
in the office departments.

No one was more puzzled than Nor-
gen himself at his rapid rise. If he
was at all pleased he did not show it.
And this was disappointing, if not to
Mr. Kingston, who had taken a fancy
to the young man, then at least to the
daughter on whose persistent advice
Norgen had received his repeated pro-
motions. Already in his dogged, al-
most surly way, he had relieved King-
don of a great deal of worry. In spite
of himself he was proving the right-
ness of the advice of the efficiency ad-
viser.

One day Norgen came abruptly to
Mr. Kingston with his question: "Who
is responsible for my promotion?" he
demanded. "If there is something be-
hind this, I ought to know." You might
have supposed that he was complain-
ing about a plot to keep him forever
working as fireman rather than be-
cause of repeated promotions. "I've
heard you employ an efficiency ad-
viser. Well, I want to know on what
the expert bases his conclusions." He
spoke slowly and at times with broken
English, though it would have been
hard to determine the nationality that
his accent indicated. "If you don't
want to tell me, at least you ought to
let me see this expert myself. It is
very important."

"You have seen the expert," Mr.
Kingston said slowly and almost so-
lemnly. "You see the expert every day
—four times a day and if I am not
much mistaken you usually stop and
chat with the expert for a few min-
utes when you come in at noon. In
fact," Mr. Kingston was looking
straight into the young man's face.
"I have reason to believe that the ex-
pert occasionally meets you after
hours and allows you to escort her
part way home."

Norgen's face showed first annoy-
ance and then something akin to
amusement. "A curious choice for an
efficiency adviser—what does she know
of men's abilities?" he asked.

"She picked you from the rest," was
Mr. Kingston's answer, "and you have
made good. I should never have
noticed you even in a dozen years. She
seems to know her men and she is
learning more every day. She is be-
coming invaluable. It's a rare gift—a
sort of second sight."

"She might have found out," the
young man who went by the name of
Norgen said, and then he made a clean
breast of the situation. As a son of a
large factory owner and sure some-
time to derive a large income through
the operation of his own inherited
plants, he had started out intent on
learning at first hand the point of
view of the men whose labor made
possible the running of such fac-
tories. The theory that he especially
wanted to prove to himself was that
the men who worked for his father's
plant had no show and were ground
down as mere machines. He even en-
tertained some high-flown ideas of re-
nouncing all claim to the inheritance
if he could justify himself in the be-
lief that such was the case. He had
really wished to remain in the King-
don factory. He took a grim pleasure
in the grimness of it. And then in
spite of himself, and in spite of his
pretense of illiteracy his promotions
had begun. Instead of being able to
go back to his father with an account
of the oppression of labor he would
show him the rare proof of his abili-
ties. For he was now holding down a
very important position for Mr. King-
don and had thoroughly mastered some
of the most important phases of the
large plant.

"I'm a little inclined to be angry
with you," he told the girl who had
been responsible for his promotions.
"Still perhaps you have done me more
good than harm. You have shown me
that I have, in spite of myself, a great
taste for the management of this sort
of plant. It has become absorbingly
interesting. I couldn't give up the idea
now of taking over my father's plant
some day—and I had thought of giv-
ing it all up. I have learned to look
at things quite differently now than
would have been possible if I had re-
mained in the boiler room as a fire-
man."

During the weeks that had passed
when Hester had supposed him to be
only one of the laborers in her fa-
ther's plant she had permitted a
friendship to rise between them that
seldom consisted of more than a stroll
homeward together at night. They
never went more than five blocks to-
gether, as neither wanted the other to
know where home really was. "And
now that you know who I am," he
said, "you aren't going to despise me? We
are none the less dear to each
other, are we? I had always dreamed
of marrying a girl like yourself—a girl
who knows hard work, a girl of the
people whose world is not bounded by
the narrow conventions of leisured so-
ciety."

"I'm Hester Kingston," she said.
"What a dreadful disappointment.
Still, we might have met at any one
of a dozen house parties and never
should have cared a straw for each
other. If I can forgive you for not be-
ing a brawny, unschooled stoker you'll
have to forgive me for not being a nice
little working girl."

And of course he did.

CONSTIPATION

And Sour Stomach Caused This
Lady Much Suffering. Black-
Draught Relieved.

Meadersville, Ky.—Mrs. Pearl Pat-
rick, of this place, writes: "I was
very constipated. I had sour stomach
and was so uncomfortable. I went to
the doctor. He gave me some pills.
They weakened me and seemed to
tear up my digestion. They would
gripe me and afterwards it seemed
I was more constipated than before.
I heard of Black-Draught and de-
cided to try it. I found it just what I
needed. It was an easy laxative, and
not bad to swallow. My digestion soon
improved. I got well of the sour stom-
ach, my bowels soon seemed normal,
no more griping, and I would take a
dose now and then, and was in good
shape."

I cannot say too much for Black-
Draught for it is the finest laxative
one can use."

Thedford's Black-Draught has for
many years been found of great value
in the treatment of stomach, liver and
bowel troubles. Easy to take, gentle
and reliable in its action, leaving no
bad after-effects. It has won the praise
of thousands of people who have used
it. NC-135

(Advertisement)

**HEROINE IS BENEFICIARY
IN SOLDIER'S WILL.**

(By International News Service.)

Bellaire, Ohio, June 4.—Wilbur
Day, a local soldier, with no one to
make his insurance payable to, has
named as his beneficiary seventeen-
year-old Elizabeth Workman, who re-
cently lost both legs when she dashed
before a train and saved her little
sister's life.

June weddings are in order.

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our depositors come in and let us tell you how it helps
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from the drudgery of the coal pile and the ash heap.

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